Golden

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/47361073.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Will Graham's Father, Original Characters
Additional Tags:	Crack, Crack Treated Seriously, Alternate Universe - Historical, Alternate Universe - Royalty, Rajput royalty vibes, Suicidal Ideation, no beta cause I am being silly, More tags to be added, Arranged Marriage, Hannibal Lecter has multiple queens, thats probably the only historically accurate thing, Historical Inaccuracy, Indian wedding (Hindu style), Canon-Typical Violence, Period Fiction, Period-Typical Homophobia, Period-Typical Sexism, Eventual Happy Ending, Feminization, Self-Harm, Angst and Fluff and Smut
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-05-22 Updated: 2023-11-26 Words: 4,056 Chapters: 3/?

Golden

by Genderfluidbug

Summary

Battle for Lands and Love.
Will Graham stuck between them all.

Notes

This is purely self indulgent.

the only reason why I am making this is because I like the idea of Bedelia and Will fighting like sauten.

Indian royalty vibes cause why not. I like the idea of Hannibal being an emperor.
Alsooo this gonna have a lot of Hindi terminology so if that gives any trouble do tell and I will make a key word wall or something.

Also, basic waring, I am not good with language. Like on my biology mid term paper the remark I got from my teacher was to improve my spellings and grammar 💀

So y'all can imagine just how well that gonna be lmao.

Anygays, if you stay. I hope y'all enjoy your stay!!

See the end of the work for more notes

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Chapter Notes

I am not good with descriptions so I made a Pinterest board so y'all could get into the vibes I am going with: https://pin.it/4yzUw7V

I also made a playlist!!! : https://music.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL1NXytIXC8khMqCbfp3sJOv0aAVcrV8vF&si=85160Yut5pKJhMjh

"What's to be done with you *KunwarSa*?"

"Whatever *Samrat* deems me worthy of."

Will spat out. Now that the Graham district, the district of his *birth land,* the last district between Samrat Hannibal Lecter's way to conquer the capital of The Crawford empire and becoming the ruler of the whole country; was defeated. With Will being all bloody and bruised, forced to kneel down on the battlefield, to really taste his failure. Humiliated to the seconds till his beheading.

The Samrat with his armor intact, seated on his horse, pointed his spear at Will's forehead. Blood from it mixing with the cut on his cheek and diluting with the rest of his body as it raced to find some peace in the sand. Behind Will's stern gaze to the Maharaj, his body ached to join the rest of his blood. For years he has been fighting for his peace. And even though he just lost his birth land, he might have won his everlasting peace.

"Very well then," The Maharaja applied more pressure, the blood even more eager now to decorate the Raja's spear. "Your outcome should be the same as every other Kunwar against my path. Shouldn't it be?"

Will said nothing and relaxed in his restraints, closed his eyes and let the Samrat take over. A line started to be drawn on his head, blood covering his face like an odhni.

Just when Will started to lose himself in the coldness of the world; a voice shocked him out of the longing of comfort. "STOP!"

Father!

Maharaj's spear retreated as Will took a sharp turn to see his ill ridden father rushing towards them on a horse.

"Look at that, the Thakur has decided to join us." Will's father was immediately on his knees. And started babbling a mess of words that begged for his only son's life.

“FATHER! STAND UP! What are you doing!!?” Will shouted at him. The whole reason he stepped on this battlefield today was so his father could rest for the very last days he had on earth. And here he was, putting Will's efforts all in vain.

Will pulled against his restraints, the sudden moment mixed with his constant blood loss made him a lot more light headed. He was fighting at every blink to not pass out. Not in a situation like this.

Maybe peace was never written in his life.

He called out for a few soldiers that remained from his side. Ordering them to take his father to bed. Where he should have been. With the medics easing pain, not out on his knees worsening his health alongside his integrity.

“NO WILL! I can not let my only son be lost in these selfish battles of lands. Not when I am still alive!”

“Well, either by rules or your health, you are not going to be alive for much longer, Thakur. What proposal do you have to save the doomed lives of yourself and your *only son.* ” The Maharaj tilled his face towards Will, a taunting expression on his face.

Will felt everyone’s eyes on them, his gift (curse) enhanced the way people were analyzing his every twitch while they murmured amongst themselves. Discussing the lengths of just what could the Thakur bargain out of this situation to save his poor son.

Oh Will loathed this.

“Marriage. A proposal of marriage.” A heavy gasp left out of Will's lungs as the crowd of ministers and soldiers went dead silent. Apparently nobody came to *this* conclusion amongst their gossiping.

While it wasn't unheard of Raja’s giving away their childerens’ hand in marriage as a form of truce… giving away their *sons* in such a deal was definitely unheard of. It has occurred in history. Just not commonly.

Sons died on the battlefield while the Daughters were traded off, all in the name of peace. That was the normal order of things.

Why wasn't Will’s father letting him die like how it normally should be.

Samrat Hannibal Stepped down off his horse, handing his weapon to his Senapati beside him, he crouched onto the ground. Looking the Thakur in the eye after he stated his insane demand in the middle of this battlefield.

“Do you understand the gravity of the words you just spewed out? Huh, Thakur?”

“Yes.” Replied Will’s father. Before Will could interrupt him from continuing this nonsense his father went into a coughing fit. His sickness finally took over whatever energy he had within himself when he rode his way here.

“A marriage between you and my son would insure you having the district and my son being alive.”

“As my *wife.* ”

Nodded Will’s Father. “I have heard the tales of how well you keep all your Raniya. I understand the gravity of this situation. I know my son will be alive and well.”

The Samraat chuckled at that. Standing as he dusted off his knees. “Alright then. I accept your proposal.” The crowd gasped in harmony.

The Samraat turned to look at Will. “Do you accept ”

Will stopped fighting his blinks and submitted to dust.

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Chapter Notes

> It's 2am in the morning. I am dreading my appointment with the psychiatrist. What did you expect this would be like. It's as rushed as it gets?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Aa.aa…UGH!!"

Will woke up with pain running like lightning throughout his abdomen.

He tried to open his eyes but they felt too heavy, everything seemed to buzz around him.

But soon enough his own shouts subsided as he heard a woman whimper.

That alerted him.

He tried to lift himself up even when the pain wanted him immobile. The jerk of this quick action left him into a coughing fit which in return scratched his throat so heavily he was sure it would bleed in a moment or two.

"Thirsty…."

Within seconds, the said lady was next to his bed, squatted down to his level. Her right hand holding a bronze tumbler of water, her left hand underneath her elbow assisting the movement.

The water felt like nectar to his dry mouth and burned like poison to his coarse throat.

He drank and coughed more as his eyes moved to study his surroundings, assessing his situation and looking for escape routes. Habit.

His analysis told him he was in his own room.

Why wasn't he enslaved? Why was he still alive?

Oh.

He looked closely, the woman wore the same clothing as the servants of Lecter saamraj did. The bracelet with the saamrajya's emblem confirmed it further.

“Are you Samrat’s Dasi?” Will coughed out, The woman meekly nodded.

“One of his personal,” She said with pride while suspecting his wounds. “He sent me with the rest to look after you and your family till you leave this land with the Samrat.”

Will blinked at that.

“The marriage…?” Pretty sure the reason he coughed this time was the absurdity of this situation “..It's happening???”

The Dasi gasped. “Bana!?” She dramatically put a hand over her mouth. If the cut on Will's forehead didn't hurt like hell he would have rolled his eyes to the back of his head.

“Your father did something so brave! He discarded his dignity over your life!" *While* I *was getting myself killed for his life* “A Thakur wouldn't do that for a joke!”

Will pushed with all his might and sat up straight. Shifted himself to face the dasi, legs on the floor, his gaze piercing straight through her skull.

That faltered her confidence and she visibly shivered. Her posture weakened and she held back the glass.

Will sighed.

He shifted his eyes away from her and reached out for the glass. Drinking it all in one gulp.

“What's your name?”

The woman straightened herself and directly looked at him. He still avoided her eyes. “Supriya.”

Will nodded and tried to stand up but immediately fell.

Supriya was on her feet instantly trying her best to assist Will down on the bed again. Her face worrisome as she double checked Will's wounds. It made him chuckle even if the pain on his injured face fought against it. “All the wounds you are worried about are *personally* given to me by your Maharajadhiraj. You are aware of that right?”

As she tightens the bandages around his abdomen and stands with a sigh. “I do nothing but follow my raja’s orders. He asked us to be worried for you. To care for you. Cause he suspected you won't. And our Samrat is always right.”

Will blinks for a moment.

He is right.

“Also, I don't only carry his worries.” Will looked at her with a questioning gaze.

“I also carry his gifts.” Will scrunched his eyebrows. *What…?*

Supriya opened the doors to his chamber and soon an army of servants entered the room. Each holding jewelry or gifts. Clothes of such fine quality Will’s head spined.

“Wedding necessities. We are to perform rituals such as roka, haldi, mehendi and others while you heal up perfectly for the wedding. Our Samraat grieves that he won't be accompanying you in such intimate moments but the rational choice would be to perform the wedding ceremony as quickly as possible. We are still at war and our Samrat wants nothing more but to return home with you, bonded, while we can still have some peaceful moments.”

Will eyes unfocused at all that information. *Didn't want his new doll to be damaged further huh?*

“..... bana..? Bana? Are you still here?” Will wished he wasn't.

“Yes.”

Supriya smiled and clapped her hands as the other servants arranged all the gifts all over his room. “Great then! Rest up and when you are feeling better we will begin with your roka!" With that, she bowed and took her exit.

“Like I have ever felt better in my life.” Will grumbled and lied down once again. Trying to sleep off this nightmare.

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Will woke up to coughs other than his own. He slowly opened his eyes and his father was sitting at the edge of his bed with all his strength. In an instant Will sat up and tried his best to hide his winces. “Father… Why aren't you resting?”

His father coughed in reply, “I have already used up all my resting days in this life. Why bother? I would much rather use the last bits of my energy to secure the comfort of your future.” Will’s jaw clenched. The pain did nothing to hide his anger. Even the pain was helpless in front of it.

His father didn't seem to notice it though. *Of course.* “I was here to get your word on the ring I got made for the Samrat. You see, he is all healed up and-”

“Wanted to get done with the ceremonies as soon as possible?” Will completed his sentence with a sarcastic tone.

“Yes.” His father smiled.

He turned and extended his hand to the dasi next to him. She handed him a plate which held a golden box surrounded by rose petals. His father opened the box facing him. Showing Will a gold ring with carved petals studded with little star-like diamonds surrounding a green sapphire.

What a waste.

“Do you like it? Do you think it is worthy enough for the Samrat?” Will scoffed.

“I think Samraat has enough engagement rings to fill up a commoner's house from floor to ceiling. He has no need for one more.” Will turned his gaze away and squeezed his eyes shut. The stupidity of this whole situation overwhelmed him.

“Will! I am doing all this for the comfort of your future-”

“What about the comfort of my past!? What were you doing then!?” Will clenched his fist to control his shaking. “I don't need to be wedded off in the name of comfort. But I did need you as a little child! What arrangements where you doing then-”

“ENOUGH!”

Will’s father stood up. Eyes bloodshot in anger. “I am taking the wedding gifts and clothing to Samrat to start the rituals. These servants will look after you and move forward with the same. You have no other option but to comply. I will see you at the wedding.” With that, his father left.

Will hit the heel of his palm into his eyes. Trying his best to rub off the irritation. “Comfort of my future didn't need a stupid wedding… it needed my death.”

Chapter End Notes

Should I make a playlist for this fic? It will only be Indian songs ofc but huh? What y'all say 👀

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Chapter Notes

> Sorry if this chapter seems a bit boring. now that i think about it, most of this fic will be lol.

Days passed. So did the ceremonies. All of them happened inside the 4 walls of Will's room. So that his healing process won't be interrupted. What bullshit.

His father just didn't want the Samrat to be dissatisfied with the product in any shape, size or form. That was all the value that remained of Will after all. No more useful beyond that.

The servants often gossiped amongst themselves while they groomed Will. Sometimes they tried to involve him but Will could care less. He just nodded on right times and zoned out for the most of it.

Will lay on the bed, soulless, as a dasi carefully worked around his engagement ring with the mehandi cone. All the servants and other lady officials who watched him grow in the absences of his mother sang cheerfully around him. Beating the dhol with their fingers and spoons. The chorus may not be melodious but was fun for them nevertheless. Because they were happy. Happy for him.

Will could not understand why? Maybe because he never wished for such a wedding. Maybe because he never knew what being happy was in the first place. Who knows?

Last time he ever felt close to happy was with her. Or so he thought. But she wasn't here. And Will was about to be someone's wife. And she left him. How wise of her. Will wished he could leave himself.

“All done bana! Please stay still for the next few hours as the henna dries. I will be back with your clothing for the occasion while you rest up.” Supriya smiled and Will did a courtesy smile back with a small thank you as she left him.

Hands dropped at either side of his rope woven bed as he stared at the ladies having fun.

Will bit back a bitter laugh.

You would have enjoyed this Alana.

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It was the day. And it seemed to matter to everyone but Will. The servants ran around him rampant trying to get things right under his fathers direct orders. Will tuned most of it out. Trying to count his breath as a means of escape from this world.

“Umm.. Kunwar Sa?” Supriya called out for him. Will slightly tilted his head in the direction of noise. He nods to let her enter.

“Your last gifts from Samrat!” She says in a chirp sing-song voice. She and Will have formed a bit of friendship as she took care of him. He thought it's the least he could do.

She holds out her hands from the back. On both of her palms lay a gold plate, onto which lay two types of clothing. *Wedding clothes.*

“Umm..” Sound left Will before he could shape them into words. In Front of him lay two types of clothing, a Sherwani and a Poshak. Both of them were blood red in color with golden threading depicting various designs on them.

"Bana… the Samrat was conflicted upon which clothing you would prefer. So he ordered his seamstress for all the options they could make. And these were the best in his eyes." She lifted both the plates up and down at her side like a weighing scale. "So… which one?"

Will lifted his henna adored hand but stilled. Debating on what to choose. Why was he debating? The choice should be obvious, Grooms wore sherwani on their wedding and so shall Will. but that’s the thing, he wasn't the groom. He was the bride.

Will gulped. Being stuck in one place with his hand in the air. “I think Bana should wear the poshak, it's so flowy and gorgeous that Bana would be the best looking bride for miles!” Supriya giggled at the end of her sentence, teasing Will. But for some reason Will seriously considered. Why not? If he is to be wedded off might as well do it properly. Finally having done one thing right for his father.

“Okay.” Will noded. Supriya’s expression stilled. “Yo-you sure Bana…?”

“mhm.” Will nodded once again. Flowing where his fate was sealed.

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Will would have to admit, he looked gorgeous. The black kajal was a great contrast to his cerulean eyes and didn't look as weird as he thought it would with his light beard still on. As he walked the ghagra made him feel like he was floating in his steps and the heavy weight of it made him feel a lot more centered. The red and golden crafts of the kachli, kurti and odhni made him feel more regal than he has ever felt in his life as a Kunwar.

Will wondered what stopped him from wearing poshak before?

“Damn you are really playing the role?” Said a familiar voice along with a wolf whistle.

“Father sent an invite to you Matthew?” Remaining still in front of the mirror Will looked at Mathew Brown through his reflection in the mirror.

Mathew pushed himself from the door frame and stepped towards Will. “Of course. I am one of his ministers after all.” Reaching Will he stopped in his steps. Backhanded he ran his fingers down Will’s shoulder. “You look like a doll.” Mocked Mathew.

Will rolled his eyes and covered more of his face with the odhni. “I feel like a doll.” Surprisingly it wasn't self depreciation but a compliment to himself. Will does not remember the last time He felt…. *Beautiful.*

Mathew draped himself over Will, looking into his eyes through the mirror. “You know if you were going to end up being a plaything for a man you could have just been mine.” Will shrugged away at the joke Mathew threw around him since gurukul days.

For the sake of saying, he and Mathew were friends. But that's because he was the only boy who tolerated Will back then. And even then Will stayed weary of him, his empathy didn't allow him to open up with anyone.

“Why are you in my room Mathew?” Will asked, getting annoyed by the second.

“Oh yes.” Standing so close to Will that they are practically breathing the same air, Mathew claps his hands, summoning a dasi. “Your wedding gift.”

He takes a velvet box from her and opens it, ringing sounds come from the box as it shakes. “Since now you will be dancing at Samrat Lecter’s orders, I thought silver payal would be the most appropriate.” Mathew laughs at his taunts, air kisses Will’s cheek and takes his leave. “See you soon Rani saheba.” One last jab as Mathew laughs out the door.

Will eyes turn red, throwing the box away he clenches the payal. Scaring off the dasi by his action. He struts towards the flames that keeps his room alight and without hesitation throws the silver jewelry in it. But, seeing the silver suffer under fire did not help with his frustrations at all. He stands there still, eyes unblinking. His skin itching at all the places Mathew touched. So Will scratches, in front of the intense fire he rubs his skin off. Just wanting to be done with all this piled up frustration he has been feeling since the beginning of this ordeal.

Maybe if Will peeled his skin he could postpone his demise and figure something out. Maybe if Will put himself in the fire he could just be done with this once and for all. Maybe if-
"**Aaauhhhggg!!!**"

"Bana…" Will quickly turns his head, his earring hitting the back of his neck from the torque, his eyes still fuming red. " *What?* " the voice comes from the back of his throat.

Supriya still, looking like she wants to blink back her tears. "The barat is here, Bana.."

"Oh." At that Will straightens his posture and takes deep breaths to relax himself. For the last time Will stands in front of the mirror to see. To see his beauty and pain. The redness from recent scratching shines, complementing the poshak. Will just hopes people think of it as wounds from the war. "Alright."

And with that, he lets supriya take him away.

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With a blanket above his head, his odhni covering his whole face, Will was led towards the mandap. Where His father was seated alongside Samrat Hannibal lecter and a pundit.

As Will was seated in his designated place next to the Maharaj. The pundit called for the jai mala and asked them to exchange the varmala.

Will shifted to face the samrat, Seeing him for the second time in his life. Thanks to the odhni he saw just as red as the first time. Samrat wore a cream colored sherwani that complimented his skin, adorned with patterns of gold. A red sehra on his head and much to Will's surprise, the Maharaj also had mehandi all over his hands.

Weird.

He bowed his head and the Samrat placed the varmala above his neck. Another comforting centering heavy weight that Will appreciated. As Will leaned forward to do the vice versa, Something green glistened under the moonlight. *The ring.*

Samrat was wearing his engagement ring. Will did not expect that at all.

As the time went on so did the mantras and the rituals, Will zoned out for the most of it until the both of them were called to stand up and do the seven phere. Sealing the deal.

The pundit said vow after vow as Samrat and Will circulated around the fire, signifying to fulfill those said vows with Agni dev as their witness.

People all around them threw flowers, blessings whispered from their mouths. Outside from the corner of his eye Will could see his father crying. Ridiculous.

Once done they sat for the last of it. A person brought the ornaments Will was supposed to wear for life in the name of Samrat Lecter. The mangal sutra, sindoor and bechiya.

Will stared at the Mangal sutra. The heavy necklace Will would be wearing for the rest of his life now. Start of the chain had spherical and cuboidal shapes, followed by the classic chain of black and gold beads. The last of it had a large thick gold leaf, above and below it tear shaped pearls and in the center of it a red gem.

Will kept looking at it as the Samrat tied it around his neck. Next were the Bechiya, gold rings for his index and middle toe fingers. Will was lost on the significance of them. Of all of it honestly.

At last the sindoor. Samrat lifted his odhni and looked Will in the eye, Will tried to ignore his eyes but he couldn't… they, they held such a soft gleam within them that Will was trapped in his gaze. Was the Samrat… *happy?*

Wow. Will blinked in confusion as the margin of his head got covered in red sindoor. The final piece to this wedding.

“Vivah sampan hua-”

“Wait a minute, pandit ji.” Will scrunched his eyebrows in confusion. It was a little too late to object to the wedding now. What did the Samrat want?

Murmurs started to spread around him, his father had a clear look of panic on his face as Samrat called for someone.

Soon a man came with another plate of ornaments with the exact replica of Will’s mangal sutra, bechiya and sindoor.

What is the Maharaj trying to do-

“Will.” In a much softer voice than expected of a Samrat, Hannibal called out for him.

Will's expression automatically leaned towards this voice. Much curious about what was going on.

“From this day onwards our fates are intertwined and our lives are one. I thought a pure relationship should start with equal footing. You and I will be the same, Will. Will you please do the honor of putting these on me to signify that?” The crowd gasped. Will was still in his place, his brain taking a moment or two to process the offering Samrat made.

Will was…. Impressed.

After so many years of his life Will finally found something interesting. That feeling lightened his soul and he nodded. Lifting his hands to lock the mangal sutra on Samrat's neck and then the bichiya and then the sindoor.

Sealing their fate.

End Notes

Well- that happened.

The tags and ratings will drastically change if I decided to upload more.

As I said this is purely self indulgent so I will be touching this only when the mood stricks.

Feel free to suggest ideas though and I shall see what I can do.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!